

^{**}
No M. 444. 136



*Bought with the income of
the Scholfield Bequests.*

Birthplace of Eugene Field Is Formally Opened as Museum

Dec 18, 1936

Special to The Christian Science Monitor

ST. LOUIS, Mo., Dec. 18—Trim and replendent in the midst of the drab surroundings of a river front commercial district, the three-story newly painted and tuckpointed brick building in which America's childhood poet was born in 1850 was opened today in a simple ceremony as the Eugene Field Museum. Jesse P. Henry, insurance broker, whose efforts were responsible for saving the building from being wrecked, and Superintendent of Schools Henry J. Gerling, who co-operated with him, spoke briefly.

On the front wall of the house, one of a row of 12 fashionable residences erected in 1845, is the bronze tablet naming the South Broadway house as the poet's birthplace and unveiled there in 1902 with a ceremony attended by Mark Twain on

his last visit to Missouri. David R. Francis, who was Governor of Missouri and ambassador to Russia, and the Count de Rochambeau attended the unveiling. The tablet says: "Here was born Eugene Field, the poet; 1850-95."

The house now stands alone, shut off from contact with the dingy world about it by a brick wall enclosing the garden that is to be set out this spring in the favorite flowers that Field loved. New side walls of red brick support the old ones. The front and back walls are cleaned and tuckpointed. White paint gleams on the front door and about the windows. The old back porch and areaway have been rebuilt.

Inside, the house appears as it did when the carpenters and painters of the '40's finished it.

EUGENE FIELD 2D

Son of the Poet Had Been Acting as Author's Agent

ALTADENA, Calif., Jan. 3 (P)—A funeral service for Eugene Field 2d, son of the poet, will be held tomorrow in Pasadena. He died here New Year's eve at the home of his sister, Mrs. W. C. Englar, at the age of 67. 1-4-47

Born in Kansas City, Mo., Mr. Field was a graduate of the University of Michigan.

After the poet died in 1895, the family spent considerable time on a farm at Tomahawk, Wis. His son devoted most of his attention to collecting and sale of manuscripts and acting as author's agent.

Besides his sister, he leaves another sister, Mrs. Elmer Foster of Tomahawk, and a brother, Roswell F. Field of Detroit.



Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2015

<https://archive.org/details/listentomytaleof00smit>

To
GRINNE



"A little peach in an orchard grew"
"A little peach of em'rald hue"

Words by: EUGENE FIELD

Music by:

HUBBARD T. SMITH.

Price 40 Cents.

Published by
JOHN F. ELLIS & CO.
937 Penn^a Ave.
WASHINGTON D. C.

Copyright 1884. John F. Ellis & Co.

No. 1 in M. 444. 136

Brown Collection

Schulfield

Dec. 28. 1912

I

LISTEN TO MY TALE OF WOE.

HUBBARD T. SMITH.

Moderato.

The piano introduction consists of two staves in G minor, 3/4 time. The right hand features a melodic line with a trill on the final note, while the left hand provides a harmonic accompaniment. The piece begins with a forte (*f*) dynamic.

The first system includes a vocal line and piano accompaniment. The vocal line has three lines of lyrics. The piano accompaniment is in G minor, 3/4 time, starting with a piano (*p*) dynamic.

A lit - tle peach in an or - chard grew, Lis - ten to my tale of woe, A
 Now up at the peach a club they threw, Lis - ten to my tale of woe, Down
 Un - der the turf where the dai - sies grew, Lis - ten to my tale of woe, They

The second system includes a vocal line and piano accompaniment. The vocal line has three lines of lyrics. The piano accompaniment is in G minor, 3/4 time, with a crescendo leading to a forte (*f*) dynamic.

lit - tle peach of em' - rald hue. Warm'd by the sun and wet by the dew It
 from the stem on which it grew, Fell the lit - tle peach of em' - rald hue, Poor
 plan - ted John and his sis - ter Sue, And their lit - tle souls to the an - gels flew, Boo -

Copyrighted 1884 by John F. Ellis & Co.

© HUBBARD T. SMITH
HUBBARD T. SMITH'S
COMIC SONG. PIANO & VOICE.

4

grew, It grew! Lis - ten to my tale of woe, One
 John! Poor Sue! Lis - ten to my tale of woe, Now
 - hoo! Boo - hoo! Lis - ten to my tale of woe. But

p *mf*

day in pass - ing the or - chard through, Lis - ten to my tale of woe, That
 she took a bite and John a chew, Lis - ten to my tale of woe, And
 what of the peach of em' - rald hue, Lis - ten to my tale of woe, That was

p *mf*

lit - tle peachdawn'd on the view, Of John - ny Jones and his sis - ter Sue, Them
 then the trouble be - gan to brew A trou - ble that the Doc - tor couldn't sub - due Too
 warmed by the sun and wet by the dew! Ah! well, its mis - sion on earth is through, A -

cresc. - - - - *f*

two, them two, Lis - ten to my tale of woe.
 true, too true, Lis - ten to my tale of woe.
 - dieu! A - dieu! Lis - ten to my tale of woe.

p *mf*

CHORUS.

With Spirit.

Hard trials for them two, Johnny Jones and his sis-ter Sue, And the peach of

ritard.
em'-rald hue, That grew, that grew, . . . Listen to my tale of woe.
p *mf ritard.*

ENCORE VERSE.

By E. P. JEWELL.

Up through the turf where they laid them two,
Listen to my tale of woe!
There sprang a tree of a kind we knew,
And soon through its branches the zephyrs blew,
A whoo! A whoo!
Listen to my tale of woe.
- And upon its trunk where all could view -
Listen to my tale of woe,
They cut the names of John and Sue,
And "Beware of the Peach of Emerald Hue
It slew! Them two!"
Listen to my tale of woe.

